

Hood's Cures



Mrs. Jennie Cunningham.

"I could eat nothing but very light food, without having terrible distress in my stomach. Before I had taken one bottle of Hood's I saw that it was doing me good. I continued to grow better while taking five bottles, and

Now I can eat anything, and my health is very much better than for years." Mrs. JENNIE CUNNINGHAM, South New Castle, Me. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla
HOOD'S PILLS cure Constipation. 25c

THE SLAPPING SAL.

It was in the days when France's power was already broken upon the sea, and when more of her three deckers lay rotting in the Medway than were to be found in Brest harbor. But her frigates and corvettes still scoured the ocean, closely followed by those of her rival. At the uttermost ends of the earth these dainty vessels, with sweet names of girls or of flowers, mangled and shattered each other for the honor of the four yards of bunting that flapped from their gaffs.

It had blown hard in the night, but the wind had dropped with the dawning, and now the rising sun tinted the fringe of the storm wark as it divided into the west and glinted on the endless crests of the long green waves. The north and south and west lay in a skyline which was unbroken save by the spout of foam when two of the great Atlantic sea dashed each other into spray. To the east was a rocky island jutting out into crazy points with a few scattered clumps of palm trees and a pennant of mist streaming out from the bare conical hill that capped it. A heavy surf beat upon the shore, and at a safe distance from it the British 32 gun frigate Leda, Captain A. P. Johnson, raised her black, glistening side upon the crest of a wave or swooped down into the emerald valley, dipping away to the north and under easy sail. On her bow white quarter deck stood a stiff, little, brown faced man who swept the horizon with his glass.

"Mr. Wharton," he cried, with a voice like a rusty hinge.

A thin, knock-kneed officer shambled across the poop to him.

"Yes, sir."

"I've opened the sealed orders, Mr. Wharton."

A glimmer of curiosity shone upon the meager features of the first lieutenant. The Leda had sailed with her consort, the Dido, from Antigua the week before, and the admiral's orders had been contained in a sealed envelope.

"We were to open them on reaching the deserted island of Sombriero, lying in north latitude 18 degrees 36 minutes, west longitude 68 degrees 36 minutes. Sombriero bore four miles to the northeast, from our position when the gale cleared, Mr. Wharton."

The lieutenant bowed stiffly. He and the captain had been bosom friends from childhood. They had gone to school together, joined the navy together and married into each other's families, but as long as their feet were on the poop the iron discipline of the service struck all that was human out of them and left only the superior and the subordinate. Captain Johnson took a blue paper from his pocket which crackled as he unfolded it.

"The 32 gun frigates Leda and Dido (Captains A. P. Johnson and James Munroe) are to cruise from the point at which these instructions are given to the mouth of the Caribbean Sea in the hope of encountering the French frigate La Gloire (68), which has recently harassed our merchant ships in that quarter. H. M. frigates are also directed to hunt down the piratical craft known sometimes as the Slooping Sal, and sometimes as the Hairy Hudson, which has plundered the British ships as per margin, inflicting barbarities upon their crews. She is a small brig carrying 10 light guns, with one 24 pound carronade forward. She was last seen upon the 23d ult. to the northeast of the island of Sombriero."

JAMES MUNROE, Rear Admiral.
H. M. S. Colombia, Antigua.

"We appear to have lost our consort," said Captain Johnson, folding up his instructions and again sweeping the horizon with his glass. "She drew away after we reefed down. It would be a pity if we met this heavy Frenchman without the Dido, Mr. Wharton, eh?"

The lieutenant winked and smiled.

"She has 18 pointers on the main and twelve on the poop, sir," said the captain. "She carries 400 to our 231. Captain de Milon is the smartest man in the French service. Oh, Bobby, boy, I'd give my hopes of my flag to rub my side up against her."

He turned on his heel, ashamed of his momentary lapse. "Mr. Wharton," said he, looking back sternly over his shoulder, "get those square sails shaken out and bear away a point more to the west."

"A brig on the port bow," came a voice from the forecastle.

"A brig on the port bow," said the lieutenant.

The captain sprang up on the bulwarks and held on to the mizen shrouds, a strange little figure with flying skirts and puckered eyes. The lean lieutenant craned his neck and whispered to Smeaton, the second, while officers and men came peeping up from below, and clustering along the weather rail shading their eyes with their hands, for the tropical sun was already clear of the palm trees. The strange brig lay at anchor in the throat of a curving estuary, and it was already obvious that she could not get out without passing under the guns of the frigate. A long, rocky point to the north of her held her in.

"Keep her as she goes, Mr. Wharton," said the captain. "Hardly worth while clearing for action, Mr. Smeaton, but the men can stand by the guns in case she tries to pass us. Cast loose the bowsprit and send the small arm man on to the forecastle."

A British crew went to its quarters in those days with the quiet serenity of men on their daily routine. In a few minutes, without fuss or sound, the sailors were knotted around their guns, the marines were drawn up and leaning on their muskets, and the frigate's bowsprit pointed straight for her little victim.

"Slapping Sal, sir?"

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Wharton."

"They don't seem to like the look of us,

French captain, however, brought the frigate's head around, and the two rode side by side within easy pistol shot, pouring broadsides into each other in one of those murderous duels which, could they all be recorded, would mottle our charts with blood.

In that heavy tropical air, with so faint a breeze, the smoke formed a thick bank round the two vessels, from which the topmasts only protruded. Neither could see anything of the enemy save the throbs of fire in the darkness, and the guns were sponged and trained and fired into a dense wall of vapor. On the poop and forecastle the marines in two little red lines were pouring in their volleys, but neither they nor the sea were much concerned with what effect their fire was having. Nor indeed could they tell how far they were suffering themselves, for standing at a gun one could but lazily see that upon the right and the left. But above the roar of the cannon came the sharper sound of the piping shot, the crashing of seven planks and the occasional heavy thud of a block came hurrying on the deck. The lieutenants paced up and down behind the line of guns, while Captain Johnson fanned the smoke away with his cocked hat and peered eagerly out.

"This is rare, Bobby," said he as the lieutenant joined him. "There's suddenly restraining himself. 'What have we lost, Mr. Wharton?'"

"Our mainmast yard and our gaff, sir."

"Where's the flag?"

"Gone overboard, sir."

"They'll think we have struck. Lash a boat's ensign on the starboard arm of the mizen cross jack yard."

"Yes, sir."

A round shot dashed the binnacle to pieces between them. A second knocked two marines into a bloody palpitating mass. For a moment the smoke rose, and the English captain saw that his adversary's heavier metal was producing a horrible effect. The Leda was a shattered wreck. Her deck was strewn with corpses. Several of her portholes were knocked into one, and one of her 18 pounder guns had been thrown right back on her breech and pointed straight up to the sky. The thin line of marines still loaded and fired, but half the guns were silent, and their crews were being thickly round them.

"Stand by to repel boarders!" yelled the captain.

"Cutlasses, lads, cutlasses!" roared Wharton.

"Hold your volley till they touch!" cried the captain of marines.

The huge loom of the Frenchman was bursting through the smoke. Thick clusters of boards hung upon her sides and shrouds. A final broadside leaped from her ports, and the mainmast of the Leda snapped short off a few feet above deck, spun into the air and crashed down upon the port guns, killing 10 men and putting the whole battery out of action. An instant later the two ships scraped together and the starboard bow anchor of the Gloire caught the mizen chain of the Leda upon the port side. With a yell the black swarm of boarders steeled themselves for a spring.

But their feet were never to reach that blood stained deck. From somewhere there came a well aimed whiff of grape and another and another. The English marines and seamen, waiting with cutlasses and musket behind the silent guns, saw with amazement the dark masses charging and shattering away. At the same time the port boards of the Frenchman burst into a roar.

"Clear away the wreck," roared the captain. "What the devil are they firing at?"

"Get the guns clear!" bawled the lieutenant.

"We'll do them yet, boys!"

The wreckage was torn and hacked and splintered until first one gun and then another roared into action again. The Frenchman's anchor had been cut away, and the Leda had worked herself free from that fatal hug. But now suddenly there was a scurry up the shrouds of the Gloire, and a hundred Englishmen were shouting themselves hoarse.

"They're running! They're running!"

"They're running!"

"It was true. The Frenchman had ceased to fire and was intent only upon clapping on every sail that she could carry. But that shouting hundred could not claim it all as their own. As the smoke cleared it was not difficult to see the reason. The ships had gained the mouth of the estuary during the fight, and there about four miles out to sea was the Leda's consort bearing down under full sail to the sound of the guns. Captain de Milon had done his part for one day, and he was now drawing off to sea with her while the Leda was bowling away with her bowsprit at a headland hid from her view.

But the Leda lay sorely stricken, with her mainmast gone, her bulwarks shattered, her mizenmast and gaff shot away, her sails like a beggar's rag and a hump of her crew dead and wounded. Close beside her a mass of wreckage floated upon the waves. It was the sternpost of a mangled vessel, and across it in white letters on a black ground was printed the "Slapping Sal."

"By Lord, it was the brig that saved us," cried Mr. Wharton. "Hudson brought her into action with the Frenchman and was blown out of the water by a broadside."

The little captain turned on his heel and paced up and down the deck. Already his crew were plugging the shrouds, knocking and splicing and mending. When he came back, the lieutenant saw a softening of the stern lines about his mouth and eyes.

"Are they all gone?"

"Every man. They must have sunk with the wreck."

The two officers looked down at the sinister name and at the stump of wreckage which floated in the discolored water. Something black washed to and fro beside a splintered gaff and a tangle of ballards. It was the outrageous ensign, and near it a scarlet cap was floating.

"He was a villain, but he was a Briton," said the captain at last. "He lived like a dog, but, by God, he died like a man."—A. Conan Doyle.

Confidence Between Mother and Daughter.

Have you not often heard, "I would give anything I possess to have my children love me as that woman's children love her?" How was it accomplished? Certainly not by a lack of sympathy and kindness. Have you not met the mother and daughter who are said by neighbors to be devoted to each other, and at the next door the mother and daughter who are almost strangers?

The confidence which should have been for each other alone are given elsewhere. What might be the invisible period in their lives, one to which could look back with joy and a feeling of rest, is lived carelessly, and all affection is repressed. There must have been a time when there was confidence in each other and a time when it began to decrease and finally ceased. The mother, judging by the advantage of years and intelligence, should have seen the one to see the signs and to guard against them.

Philadelphia Times.

DR. GUNN'S
LIVER
PILLS
A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make regular. They are gentle and pleasant to take, and will not cause any harm. They are sold by all druggists and by mail.

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. A MILD PHYSIC. ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

Sold by Baskett & Van Slype.

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

It is not storm nor calm, but yesterday the wind leapt in sudden thunder down.

Shook the dark waters into starry spray and thrilled the soul of many a seaside town. Ah, cruel are the hungry tides that drown. They kill, yet cast ashore their tender prey. Tossing it carelessly as seaweed brown. Headless of lovers young and parents gray.

But now remorse is here! The ponderous wave Upheaves full wearily its snowy crest. Of after brooding, not of passion, slave! Lift by the low slant yellow of the west. Unquiet grave! Thyself without a grave. Till there be no more sea, in foam, at rest! —John Houghton in London Spectator.

Peculiarities of a Texas Northern.

"What is a Texas northern?" The question was put to Major B. M. Vanderhurst of Texas, who was airing his Apollo Belvedere figure in the glad sunshine that crept under the awning of the Lindell. "A Tex-

as northern, my inquiring friend, is an extremely damp and disagreeable wetness that crawls up out of the hole where the north pole used to be and swoops down upon the sometimes sunny southland at a Nancy Hanks gait, catching you with your spooks back underclothes on and your overcoat in snail. It is more penetrating than ammonia, and requires but 10 seconds to work its way to the most secret recesses of a fat man's soul and cause him to regard the orthodox hell of fire as the one thing in all the world most to be desired. When a northern has the victim in its grip, he feels that he has a combination of buck ague and congestive chills.

"It is the custom in Texas not to make a fire until the weather freezes to death. It would be a slam on 'the most delightful climate on earth.' Few houses built prior to the war had any provision for heating. The custom was when a northern announced itself to keep piling on coats until it got discouraged and gave up the contest. That custom is still generally followed. Northern people regard this eccentricity of the Texas climate with extreme disgust. They go down there expecting to find 10 months of summer and two months of early fall weather, to revel in the glad sunshine and to inhale the unctuous perfume of magnolia buds all the year. They get into their picnic clothes and send their servants to friends back home to be given to the poor or picked away in camp. Just about that time a northern arrives, and for three days they long to go to Manitoba to get warm."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Revolution in Eating

has been brought about by the introduction of COTTOLINE, the new vegetable shortening. The discovery of this product, and the demonstration of its remarkable qualities, has attracted the widest interest. Hitherto the common shortening has been lard, or indifferently butter. Every one has probably suffered occasional discomfort from lard-cooked food; while it is well known that thousands are obliged to abstain entirely from everything of that kind. To such people, COTTOLINE is of peculiar value, widening as it does, the range of what may be eaten and enjoyed. COTTOLINE is a cooking marvel. It combines with the food—imparts to it a tempting color, a delicate flavor, and an appetizing crispness. No trace of greasiness remains to offend the taste, or disturb the digestion.

COTTOLINE is worthy of the careful notice of all those who value good food, of itself or for its hygienic properties.

Sold by Leading Grocers.

Made only by

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,

ST. LOUIS and Chicago, N. Y.

Oregon State Fair.

Under the management of the State Board of Agriculture, on the State Fair Grounds near Salem, commencing September 11th, 1893, and continuing one week.

MORE THAN \$15,000 IN CASH

Will be paid as premiums for stock, poultry, swine, agricultural products, fruits, native woods, minerals, art and fancy work, and for trials of speed.

PAVILION open four evenings during the week, with good music in attendance.

THE NEW GRANDstand, with the new Regulation Rules are so arranged to be among the most comfortable and the best on the Pacific coast.

REFRESHMENT CONTENT OF MEALS each day. There is entered for these contents the best of home and foreign produce, and the grounds for many seasons.

Valuable and handsome improvements have been made on the grounds and buildings.

PREMIUM LIST.

Has been revised and improved to the credit of the exhibitors.

Entries for Premiums close at 5 p. m. the first day of Fair, and exhibit must be in place by 10 p. m.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Men's Season Ticket \$2.50

Men's Day Ticket 1.00

Women's Season Ticket 1.50

Women's Day Ticket .75

Children under 12 years, Free to all.

Place for the Secretary at Portland for a Free-Will Contribution.

J. T. GREGG, Secretary.

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